man was ''very unpolitical. He was in politics but wasn't a politician, he worked behind the scenes.''

J.E. Tihati Thompson of Tihati Productions said: ''I will always respect him for the assistance he gave not only to the people of Samoa, but also to the Tokelau people of Swains Island Atoll while in office. He grew into a very gracious statesman who many would consult for political advice.''

[From the Samoa News, May 15, 1997]

A EULOGY IN MEMORY OF PETER TALI COLEMAN

(The following eulogy was presented by William Patrick ''Dyke'' Coleman at the recent funeral of his father, former Governor Peter Tali Coleman. Dyke was Governor Coleman's chief of staff in his most recent administration (1989–1993).)

Dad introduced us to Samoa during the summer of 1952 when we first arrived in Pago Pago Harbor on board the Navy transport vessel the USS Jackson. We kids were just overwhelmed and excited by the beauty of the Harbor and the majesty of the surrounding mountains on that July morning.

Grandma Amata had accompanied us on the trip from Honolulu and Chief Tali, Aunty Mabel and Snookie and other family members were there to welcome us.

The living quarters we were assigned to was the old nurses' quarters at Malaloa. the house was spacious, wide open and structurally sound and we kids loved it. Mom and Dad learned later that these quarters had been condemned but that really never bothered us because we didn't know what that meant and didn't care anyway.

To Dad, as long as the family's safety and health were not being compromised, the label was of no consequence and the condemned house he viewed as a minor, temporary inconvenience that was not worth complaining about.

The house, for now, served our purposes. He adapted and taught us to do the same. Don't get hung up on the minor things. He never lost focus of his larger destiny.

Things that would bother many of us never seemed to bother him. He handled criticism the same way. Those who knew him well can attest to that. He reserved his energies for life's larger problems.

Only he knew that, very soon thereafter, he would occupy the best house on island, the governor's mansion. Occupying the governor's house itself was not the goal. He aspired to lead his people and never lost focus of that objective.

Dad practiced law during these early days and his clients would often instead of cash pay him with live chickens and pigs. The house was the perfect place in which to learn and develop responsibility to raise and care for them.

Of course some of these animals soon became pets. We had a pet pig named Porky that we let into the house all the time, and Grandma Amata would get angry and chase the pig out with a broom. On school days Porky would always greet us when we got home. One day Porky didn't meet us. We combed the entire area around the house and the mountainside. We couldn't find him.

Dad had now become Attorney General and we kids had become so upset and distraught that Dad called the police force to help look for our pig. We never found Porky. We knew he ended up in someone's umu. It took a long time for us to get over that loss.

Dad used to cut our hair, even after he became Governor. His haircuts made us very sad and we cried every time we had to get one. We wanted to look like Elvis but ended up looking like Fred Flintstone. The hairline was almost always uneven and so we would get teased and slapped in the head by the other kids.

One time my brother Milton ran away from home because he didn't want his hair cut. Anyway he finally returned home when he got too hungry. And of course the rest of us promptly reported him to Dad. Misery loves company. Milton got his spanking, which made us gleeful and after his haircut, lost his appetite.

As kids we didn't fully appreciate that those haircuts showed Dad to be a true visionary. Today these haircuts are considered fashionable and quite stylish with the younger crowd. Dad was ahead of his time.

Mom was always behind the scene, providing her strengths to support Dad and the family. For all this intelligence, strength of character and self-discipline, his sense of humor was how he kept life in perspective, everything in balance.

He used humor to fend off criticism, to laugh with others, to tolerate the inflated egos his line of work brought, and even to laugh at himself. His sense of humor was his way of remaining within himself.

One day when he was still at Queen's Hospital I went to visit with him. He had just awakened and I sat there making loose talk and joking with him. I told him casually that Amata had called earlier from Washington.

He asked what she had wanted. I told him she asked how he was doing and that he should start thinking about the governor's race for the year 2000. He laughed so hard he cried.

God bless you.

CUBA'S REPRESSIVE REGIME

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentlewoman from Florida [Ms. ROS-LEHTINEN] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Ms. ROS–LEHTINEN. Mr. Speaker, this past week we were once again reminded of the lengths that the Cuban people will resort to to sink freedom from the repressive regime. Eleven Cuban refugees were rescued by the excellent men and women of our United States Coast Guard after being spotted by an aircraft of the humanitarian group, Brothers to the Rescue.

The refugees had spent 17 days in an isolated area of the Bahamas known as Dog Key. Dog Key, Mr. Speaker, is nothing but a rock, a big rock in the middle of the ocean.

For 2 weeks the refugees had little to drink or to eat. They ate snails and birds to survive in the middle of the ocean.

One of the refugees, Rolando Martinez Montoya, would break snail shells with his teeth so that his children who accompanied him on this horrible journey would be able to at least eat the inside of the snails.

Unfortunately, Mr. Martinez' daughter, Camilla Martinez, only 4 years old, and his step daughter, only 13 years old, died at Dog Key last week.

Twenty-six-year-old Leonin Ojeda Rivas also died after complaining of chest pains soon after trying to swim toward a passing ship in a desperate attempt to be rescued.

Mr. Speaker, the tragic search of these Cuban refugees for freedom portrays the picture of desperation that the Cuban people feel under the Castro dictatorship. Unfortunately, the American people never learned of this story in the so-called mainstream media. It was not in the major newspapers, nor in the television networks. Why? Because the press prefers to promote Castro's propaganda of Cuba as a tourist paradise rather than exert some effort in reporting the repression subjected on the people of the island every day.

Just this past Sunday, the Washington Post travel section had a lengthy piece on how to travel to Cuba. The story's author, Elinor Lander Horwitz, could barely control her excitement about being in the forbidden island as she walked past children engulfed in poverty, the deteriorated beauty of Havana, and the lack of the most basic needs such as soap that the Cuban people endure daily.

The author soothes her guilt of, as she calls it, of having a good time while being surrounded in this poverty by handing out two pesos to a poor Cuban child. Oh, wow. Now she can return once again to her paradise vacation.

Throughout the article, not one word, not one single word, is mentioned about the destruction caused on Cuba by the Castro tyranny and the misery that has resulted from it. However, she makes sure to provide tips on how to circumvent the United States embargo in order to travel to Cuba.

I wonder, Mr. Speaker, what led these refugees I have described earlier tonight to leave the paradise that this author so aptly describes? Is it the lack of human rights under Castro, the lack of civil rights under the last totalitarian dictatorship of the hemisphere? The complete mismanagement of the Cuban economy by the Communist elite, the complete control of the population by Castro's police state? I venture to say that it was a combination of all of these put together.

Cuba remains, whether the Washington Post or other publications admit it, a repressive totalitarian state. Just ask Ana Maria Agramonte, a prominent Cuban dissident who was recently sentenced to 18 months in prison for contempt against the regime. It is clear that the paradise as portrayed by the Washington Post must feel like hell for Ms. Agramonte and the rest of her compatriots who have to endure Castro's brutality.

Let us hope that the press will one day wake up to the horrors of the Castro's tyranny, to the repressive police state, to the complete lack of, and the violation of the most basic of civil rights.

Mr. Speaker, I insert for the RECORD the article from the Washington Post by Elinor Lander Horwitz which I earlier referred to.

[From the Washington Post, May 18, 1997]

RETURN TO A FORBIDDEN ISLAND

IN IMPOVERISHED CUBA, NOTHING—AND EVERYTHING—HAS CHANGED

(By Elinor Lander Horwitz)

Maritza smiles wistfully and passes her tongue slowly over her lips. ''The '52s and

'53s are best,'' she says. ''Fifty-four was not so good a year, but '55—it was really excellent.'' She's not talking wine: She's talking Chevrolets.

Parked randomly along a street near the Plaza de Armas in Havana's old city, where she has taken me sightseeing, is a particularly dense grouping of 40- to 50-year-old American cars, predominantly Chevrolets plus one Dodge, an Oldsmobile, a Buick and a Plymouth. These are not rich people's collectibles. They are poor people's means of transportation. Maritza, a Cuban woman whom a friend had urged me to contact, casts a connoisseur's eye on a red-and-white, wide-finned 1953 relic parked next to her midget 1972 Polish-made Fiat. How in the world do the owners get replacement parts? She laughs at my simple-minded question. ''We make them, we improvise,'' she says. ''Cubans are very good mechanics.''

I feel caught in a time warp. The decaying Chevys—the very ones I might have seen hot off the assembly line more than four decades ago—suddenly take on the status of metaphor for the once elegant, now deteriorating city. This is the second visit my husband, Norman, and I have made to Havana. The first, a few years before the 1959 revolution, was on our honeymoon. I was a college student-bride who longed to go abroad, and Havana was the only patch of abroad we could afford. And it was so easy to get there!

This time we arrived via three tedious flights: Washington to Miami, Miami to Nassau, and Nassau to Havana. With long waits in between. We carried impeccable visas and letters from the U.S. Treasury Department and our sponsoring organization verifying our permission to visit (there are severe restrictions for U.S. citizens trying to travel to Cuba). Norman, a neurosurgeon, was coming as a volunteer with an international relief agency in a program it runs jointly with the Cuban Ministry of Heath. He would spend a week conferring with colleagues, examining patients, teaching interns and residents, and presenting research material. I was licensed to tag along. Earlier participants in the program had given us the names of people they'd met here, which is how I came to know Maritza and a number of other engaging Habaneros.

We had always hoped to return to Havana and, according to the laminated Cubana Airlines boarding pass I handed over as I boarded the flimsy-looking old Russian plane in Nassau, the feeling was mutual. ''Cuba te espera,'' it said in decorating script. ''Cuba is waiting for you.'' The bright yellow card was decorated with three red hearts.

The 1950s Cuba, under the repressive rule of Fulgencio Batista, had plenty to offer American tourists. It was romantic, and it was glossy! Most people stayed in the pricey and glamorous Hotel Nacional, with its luxurious accommodations, highly regarded dining room and nightclub, and private talcum powder beach. We stayed at the Ambos Mundos on Obispo Street, in the heart of Old Havana.

Hemingway, still very much alive when we first visited the island, had lived in the Ambos Mundos while writing—depending on your informant—either ''A Farewell to Arms'' or ''For Whom the Bell Tolls.'' We ogled the room he had occupied, dined at the rooftop restaurant where he had often dined, and drank daiquiris at the Floridita, which we were assured was his favorite bar. When we had dinner at a sidewalk cafe, ragged children came up to the table and begged for the bread on our table. We gave them that and pesos and smiles, and we told each other it was wrong to be having such a good time in a country where so many lived in unconscionable splendor while others didn't have enough to eat. And then a man with a guitar strolled over to our table and began to sing while we held hands across the table and blissfully dug into dinner.

Maritza is amused by my honeymoon tales. First stop on our 1996 tour is the Ambos Mundos. The hotel was closed for many years and has been in the process of renovation for many more. The place is entirely gutted and a man on the ground is sending a small bucket of plaster up to the fifth floor on a pulley-and-rope contraption. A pamphlet I've picked up says that you can learn about the life of Ernest Hemingway by staying there. ''Ambos Mundos Hotel will open up in summer 1996 with 53 rooms of which 4 suites,'' it promises, but it is now fall, and it still looks like it's going to be a while.

Nearby, in the palace occupied by Batista way back then, is the Museo de la Revolucion. There are photographs of the rebels in the mountains, bloody shirts and pants, canteens, rifles, the engine of an American plane shot down over the Bay of Pigs, and other mementos of turbulent times. One display, titled in English ''The Hall of Cretins,'' features huge, cartoonish figures of Batista in military garb, Ronald Reagan dressed as a cowboy and George Bush dressed as a Roman senator. Above the figure of Reagan, the caption says, ''Thank you cretin for strengthening the Revolution.'' Bush's caption is, ''Thank you cretin for consolidating the Revolution.''

In the nearby Plaza de la Catedral, craftspeople hawk costume jewelry, maracas, woodcarvings and other knick-knacks. Che Guevara's face appears on key rings, ashtrays and T-shirts.

Why doesn't Castro's face appear on T-shirts and key rings? I ask Maritza. ''It wouldn't be respectful,'' she says, and it's impossible to determine whether her inflection is dead serious or mocking.

I am trying hard to recapture the city I remember. One afternoon Norman and I journey uptown to peek furtively into the splendidly tiled lobby of the Hotel Nacional, fearful of being accosted and asked whether we are paying guests. (Reopened and refurbished after years of being shut down, the hotel is as handsome and crowded as ever.) We gape at the splendid Spanish colonial mansions on the tree-lined avenues of the Vedado and Miramar districts. And then we retreat to the colorful narrow streets and shady squares of Old Havana, where we remember Cubans strolling, singing aloud. Our memories of this are so vivid, it must have been true, although there is no evidence of such today.

West of Old Havana is the Vedado neighborhood and our hotel, the Victoria, which is across the street from a row of picturesquely decaying Spanish colonial mansions, now occupied by many poor families. Up close, things aren't quite so picturesque. Laundry hangs from the windows, balusters are missing from the galleried rooftops, stairs are broken, garden statues are headless, yards are littered with trash. Nothing has been painted or repaired in decades. And venturing out at night onto the darkened, crumbling sidewalks and streets—where hordes of bikes without lights scoot by—is dangerous whether or not you encounter the street crime everyone warns about (we didn't).

Tourism has been revived in Havana, and crowds of Europeans, Asians, South Americans, Canadians and a much smaller number of Americans can be seen in the more celebrated restaurants. There is the luxurious new Melia Cohiba hotel, a joint venture between Cuba and Spain; much talk of further foreign investment in tourism; and work is going on around the clock on a new airport. Baseball games and performances by the excellent national ballet company provide stimulating entertainment, yet information about schedules is difficult to glean.

Restaurant food ranges from so-so to bad. The Cubans we invited to dine with us all chose paladares—the small, often-excellent restaurants families are now permitted to run in their own apartments. Families licensed to establish a paladar may set up no more than 12 chairs, arranged in whatever grouping of tables they prefer. Some paladares have signs, but most are known only through word of mouth. You ring a doorbell and enter a lobby, push the button for the proper floor and walk into someone's living room, where tables are prettily set and family members graciously rush to serve you.

At one paladar, we are seated on a breezy balcony, overlooking the water. At another, a particularly pleasant three-course dinner with assorted tasty appetizers set up on a small buffet table, a roast lamb entree and dessert of a rich fig pudding costs $12 a person, including beer and coffee.

These paladares, named for a family-run restaurant dubbed Paladar in a popular Brazilian TV sitcom, are one of the few forms of self-employment now permitted in Cuba. Since they accept payment only in U.S. dollars, paladar owners have the means to buy a wide range of foods at the hard-currency stores.

The Hemingway shtick is still going strong here. Several restaurants and bars in the old city claim to have been his favorite. One of these, the tiny crowded La Bodeguita del Medio, a block from the cathedral, still has ambiance aplenty. Since the 1920s, customers have carved their names on wood paneling, and there's no more space. Above the bar is a blow-up of a scrawled message by the great man himself. ''The best mojitos are at the Bodeguita,'' it reads. ''The best daiquiris at the Floridita. Ernest Hemingway.''

Squeezed into a corner, in full view of this snippet of immortal prose, we order a mojito. It arrives in a tall glass, jammed with what appears to be seaweed but is, in fact, very soggy mint, and filled with a watery rum, lemon and sugar mixture. An undistinguished meal is tossed at us irritably. It is almost heartening to find that there still are tourist traps in Havana.

Just about everything is in short supply in this underdeveloped island country. Everyone is short of soap, and I lift a few tiny bars from the hotel maid's cart and pass them along to my new friends. All food is rationed. Staples—rice and beans—are cheap and abundant, although milk is available only for children under 7. At the Hotel Victoria, the milk is made from powder and manages to be foamy and lumpy at the same time. Meat, chicken and fish are not generally available, and at the time of our visit, the egg ration was seven a month. Each person is permitted one piece of bread a day.

Cubans call this a periodo especial, a special period that date from the dissolution of the Soviet Union in 1991 and the sudden cessation of what had been lavish subsidies. Gas, electricity, public transportation—all are in very short supply. When the periodic blackouts occur, not only the lights go out, but also the water, which is pumped by electricity.

The glittering and bustling tropical city I remember is a drab and quiet place today. For decades, there has been no money to maintain buildings and streets. Automotive traffic is light at all times. Gas, at $4 a gallon, is too expensive for most Cubans, who earn on average $12 to $15 a month.

I ask a highly placed government official what he hopes, expects, fears the future will bring if Castro, now a fit-looking 70-year-old, retires? He laughs at the notion of retirement. ''When Fidel dies,'' he says, ''people won't be ready for raw capitalism. That's certain. They think they want more free enterprise, but they are too accustomed to free

education and health care to ever give that up. It will be some sort of socialism.

''Don't misunderstand,'' he adds, when I ask about the one piece of bread a day. ''things here are difficult now, but there is absolutely no question that life under Batista was far worse for most Cubans. What you have to recognize is this: Cuba has always had one corrupt form of government or another.''

While we are in Havana, everyone is talking about the International Trade Fair, an annual event that showcases products from countries worldwide (72 of them at this fair). Finally, I decide to go to the new exposition grounds outside the city with Roberto, a translator for the medical program that brought us to Cuba. The fair is jammed with people. Cuba is displaying pharmaceuticals, rum and cigars, and there are sparkling new cars from Japan and France, shoes from Italy, tablecloths from Mexico, furniture from Canada and children's clothing from Panama. As Roberto seats himself longingly behind the wheel of a shiny little yellow Fiat mounted on a revolving stand, my eye falls on an Argentinean food exporter's display of Oreo cookies, Ritz crackers, Libby's Vienna Sausages, Wrigley gum, M&M candies, Kellogg's Frosted Flakes and Froot Loops.

Will Cuban children get to eat Froot Loops despite the U.S. embargo? Roberto rolls his eyes, but declines further comment.

I buy lunch at a sunbaked outdoor cafe, and we dine greedily on a cholesterol nightmare of fried chicken, french fries, beer and ice cream. Four musicians—two guitar players, a man on a bongo drum and another on maracas—suddenly appear at my elbow, grinning with mock flirtatiousness and breaking into the songs their fathers sang to diners in the cafes of Obispo Street in the 1950s: ''Besame Mucho'' and ''Perfidia.'' I am overcome with nostalgia and tip generously, and they repeat the two songs over and over. And then, with almost manic zest, they break into a long song about Che Guevara.

The next day, at the airport gate, waiting hours for our return flight, we Americans—doctors, missionaries, journalists—exchange stories about the charm of the people we've met and the hardships we've witnessed. No one has answers.

The airport's air conditioning has been turned off to save electricity. Everyone is hot and avid to leave. But everyone wants to return ''someday.''

''Bring soap,'' we remind each other. ''Next time don't forget to bring everyone a few bars of soap.''

WAYS & MEANS

Tourist travel to Cuba is severely restricted by the U.S. government. To travel to Cuba legally, Americans must have a passport and visa and obtain a license from the Treasury Department's Office of Foreign Assets Control (1500 Pennsylvania Ave., NW., Washington, D.C. 20020, 202–622–2480). OFAC has a fax-back system (202–622–0077) offering a dozen documents detailing the guidelines associated with travel to Cuba.

Those who may visit Cuba under an official Treasury Department license include: journalists who are regularly employed by a news organization; official government travelers; members of international organizations of which the United States is also a member, traveling on official business; persons making a once-a-year visit to relatives in Cuba in circumstances of extreme humanitarian need; and travelers who have received specific licenses from OFAC before they go. These legitimate travelers can bring home $100 worth of Cuban goods.

A number of air and travel providers are authorized by the Treasury Department to arrange trips to Cuba for qualified travelers. One of the best known, Marazul Tours (4100 Park Ave., Weekauken, N.J. 07087, 1–800–223–5334), will advise you about eligibility and the procedure for obtaining a Treasury license. Once you obtain the license, the agency will provide a visa, plane tickets and hotel reservations. For groups, it can set up a program in Cuba if needed.

Visa information also is available from the Cuban Interest Section, 2369 16th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009, 202–797–8518.

Despite the restrictions, there are indeed American tourists in Cuba. Plane tickets to Cuba and a visa—a separate tourist card—can be obtained in Canada, Mexico or the Bahamas. But beware. Attempts to catch U.S. tourists returning from Cuba have been stepped up, and U.S. Customs officials may now greet you in Nassau or Cancun as you step off your flight.

CHILDREN'S NATIONAL SECURITY ACT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentlewoman from Oregon [Ms. FURSE] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Ms. FURSE. Mr. Speaker, tomorrow I am introducing a very important piece of legislation, and I am joined by 14 of my Democratic women colleagues. This legislation is called the Children's National Security Act, and I want to spend a few minutes this evening telling my colleagues about it.

I am sure we all remember the phrase, women and children first. Well, sometimes I think that we have forgotten that phrase and we think only of children last.

I just got a recent report of the state of America, and our priorities and children do not do very well in that. We are first in military technology, we are first in defense expenditures, but we were 18th in infant mortality, 17th in low birth weight rates, and we are very last in protecting our children against gun violence. In fact, of the 26 industrialized nations, the deaths of U.S. children account for three out of four from gun violence out of all 27 nations.

So my bill is a conglomeration of lots of very good pieces of legislation. It is about priorities and funding what is really important to our Nation's families.

President Clinton said in his State of the Union Address this year, education is a critical national security issue for our future. The problem is that his budget request called for $234 million more for the military than it does for education.

In the bipartisan budget agreement adopted by the House, over half of our discretionary spending for the next 5 years, in fact, 52 percent will go to the Pentagon. That means that everything else must be divided up of the 48 percent. Fifteen Democratic women Members have joined together and we have submitted 24 pieces of legislation in this omnibus bill. The Children's National Security Act is deficit-neutral, it is funded with savings from the Pentagon.

Among the initiatives included are health insurance for kids, health care research and education, assistance for caregivers, multi-generational foster care, firearm child safety lock requirements, school construction, and increasing economic security for families.

The gentlewoman from Oregon [Ms. HOOLEY] has contributed legislation to promote multi-generational foster care. That is building on something we do in Oregon very successfully. The gentlewoman from California [Ms. MILLENDER-MCDONALD] has included the Firearm Child Safety Lock Act. This is an act which says that the child safety lock must be placed on guns sold in America.

The gentlewoman from New York [Mrs. LOWEY] has included the partnership to rebuild America's schools. One time, Mr. Chairman, the schools of America were the pride of America, but they are crumbling today. The General Accounting Office has estimated we need $112 billion to repair them.

□ 1730

My contribution to the bill is a private insurance reform legislation called Kids Only. It will require that insurance companies provide an affordable policy to cover children from birth to age 16. These are available in Oregon, and they should be available across the Nation.

I believe it is time to change the focus of our priorities, to reflect that national security means providing children a quality education, access to health care, and a safe place to live and learn. We cannot continue to invest in outdated Cold War weapons systems while we neglect our children.

Our bill will improve the lives of America's children. It provides real national security by addressing our children's critical needs. There is wide agreement now that we must balance the Federal budget, but as we balance it, we must make tough fiscal choices. The National Children's Security Act is about priorities, funding what is truly important to our Nation's families.

As Congress makes those tough fiscal decisions necessary to balance the budget, we must consider our real national security, our children. The Democratic women in the House of Representatives have joined together to provide for children's access: Access to health care, a safe environment, a quality education. The Children's National Security Act puts our children first, and that, Mr. Speaker, is exactly where they belong.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. GINGRICH] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. GINGRICH addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]